

EXHIBIT 6

March 13, 2023

The Honorable William F. Kuntz
United States District Judge
U.S. District Court for the Eastern District of New York
225 Cadman Plaza East
Brooklyn, NY 11201

Dear Judge Kuntz,

My name is Michael Gala and I am the father of Robert Gala. I am 62 years old and a lifelong Brooklyn resident. I have been married to my wife Vita for over 32 years and we have two other children, Anthony and Bianca. I have been a member of the New York City Fire Department for over 36 years serving the citizens of New York.

Robert was our first child born in 1992, one year after my wife and I were married. He was a wonderful baby that always smiled and slept through the night. Robert was the highlight of our lives and it was a thrill to watch him grow. We were attached at the hip. As Robert grew older I was proud to have coached him in baseball and basketball at Our Lady of Grace athletic league. Robert was always a giver, with a great personality. He was a friend to so many and very easy to get along with. He was well adjusted both in school and in social settings.

After Robert was born my wife suffered six miscarriages and it wasn't until 1999, when Robert was seven years old, that we were blessed with a set of twins. Robert now had a brother and sister. His brother Anthony was diagnosed with Achondroplasia, the most common form of dwarfism and he needed many special accommodations. Anthony would need extensive physical therapy, occupational therapy and speech lessons for many years. In 2006 Anthony underwent back surgery at Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore Maryland to adjust a curvature in his spine. While in surgery Anthony went into respiratory arrest and spent six weeks in the intensive care unit, then an additional two months in the Kennedy Krueger rehabilitation Center near the hospital. I tell this story because from the time of the birth of his brother and sister Robert was the perfect older brother, both protective and loving. We also needed him to step up and help out at home during this trying time in our lives. Being it helping his mother with chores around the house or helping me with projects he was always there and never put himself before others. Robert was always very protective of Anthony and took him out often with his friends and he was never embarrassed by his brother's dwarfism and ensured that people respected and never made fun of his little brother.

Robert was also blessed with two sets of loving and giving grandparents. Whenever they saw him, which was often, they would give him five or ten dollars. Robert would often spend this money on his friends. His teacher told me that he often bought snacks for his friends at school that didn't have any money.

Robert was also a gifted dancer who performed in many school plays and dance competitions. He took lessons for many years in tap, jazz and hip hop.

As Robert matured into a teenager I would often take him to work with me at the firehouse. He loved the fire department so much and wanted to come to work with me as often as possible. At the firehouse he would help the members with routine committee work such as mopping floors, cleaning the fire trucks, cleaning bathrooms and helping to prepare the meals. At the fire scene he would help the members stretch and take up hose lines. He loved being around the firefighters and the firehouse and I loved having him with me. His dream was to be a New York City Firefighter.

After high school Robert took a course for Emergency medical Technician (EMT). After passing this course he was appointed to the FDNY as an EMT where he would serve the citizens of New York for five years. His supervisors would often tell me that Robert was one of their best EMT's, both eager to learn and eager to teach. I couldn't have been prouder that my son was now part of the FDNY.

At a point in Robert's late teens I was made aware by my wife that Robert was experimenting with drugs. I was the chief of uniformed personnel at the time, consumed with facilitating the development and administration of a new firefighters exam, working 60-70 hours a week. My wife, knowing how hard I was working, was keeping many things from me, so not to distract me from my job. Many family members and friends spoke to Robert trying to explain the pitfalls of drug use. It wasn't until Robert was working for the Fire Department that the full extent of his drug use became clear to me. Robert was sent to the Fire Department's consulting services unit where he entered a drug rehabilitation program in Pennsylvania. This was the first of several attempts at rehabilitation. It was breaking my heart that I was losing my son. In his last attempt he entered into a 28 day program and came out looking like a new man. After the program we were referred to Doctor Steven Lamm at NYU Langone medical center. I would take Robert once a month to visit Dr. Lamm where he would receive a vivitrol injection. Robert started turning back to the son we knew. He was working, eating right, going to the gym and engaging with his family. He looked great. This went on for well over a year when his past finally caught up with him. He was forced to resign from his job with the fire department spiraling him back into drug addiction. It pains me so much that he will never be a New York City Firefighter following in my footsteps and the footsteps of his grandfather, Michael Sr., who retired from the Fire Department as a lieutenant after serving from 1956 to 1988.

Through all the heartache and pain I will continue to love and support Robert with all my heart. I miss him everyday and pray for the day that he will be home again with his family.

Respectfully Yours,

/s/ Michael Gala

Michael Gala